

THE PANOLA STAR.

A NEUTRAL PAPER: DEVOTED TO THE MUTUAL INTEREST OF 'OURSELVES,' OUR COUNTRY, OUR PATRONS, AND MANKIND GENERALLY.

Vol. I.

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BY **H. S. WARD,**
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Of all descriptions, from large hand bills to fancy cards, done with neatness and dispatch, and on reasonable terms. All communications must be addressed to M. S. Ward, Esq., Panola, Miss.

POETRY.

YOUNG LOVE.

We are not old, we are not cold,
Our hearts are warm and tender yet;
Our arms are eager to enfold
Still simpler loves than we have met.

And I wear by your sunny heart's rays
The sweetest of all the sun's rays;
I wear the love that's true and true,
The love that's true and true and true.

They give the love whose glow is life,
The love that's true and true and true;
They give the love whose glow is life,
The love that's true and true and true.

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MR. LIVER T'S ADDRESS AT ALBANY.

The address of Edward Everett at the dedication of the Dudley Observatory will compare favorably with any of his previous productions. The following extract will be universally admired:

"Much, however, as we are indebted to our observatories for elevating our conceptions of the heavenly bodies, they present even to the unaided sight scenes of glory which words are too feeble to describe. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene mid-summer's night, the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre, but little affected by her presence. Jupiter two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades just above the horizon shed their sweet influence in the East; Lyra, spangled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye in the South; the steady pointers, far beneath the Pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the North to their Sovereign.

"Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften, the smaller stars like children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the West and North remained unchanged. Suddenly the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of heaven; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch stars shot up their hoary eyes; the East began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky, the whole celestial concave was filled with the flowing titles of the morning light which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a fur of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon and turned the dewy tear drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few moments, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course.

"I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magicians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement when I am told that in the enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness the daily manifestations of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, 'There is no God!'

FEMALE DELICACY.

Above other features which adorn the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes merit blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is far removed from good sense; but the high-minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk, alike amongst women and the society of men—which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak, when required, with seriousness and kindness of things at which it would be ashamed to smile or blush—that delicacy that knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feelings of another, which can give alms without assumption, and which pains not the most susceptible being in creation.

AN EXTINGUISHER.

In France, smoking is perhaps less a rage than it is with us; but in France the liberties of smokers are greater than they are with us. Thus, in the United States, people who smoke in omnibuses, cars, cabins of steamboats, or other places of the sort, are few and far between. In France, on the contrary, it is very common to see gentlemen (?) indulging in a cigar on such occasions. An elegantly dressed and aristocratic looking lady entered a first class railroad car, at the Paris depot, some time back. As she opened the door and took her seat, she observed that the car was occupied by three or four gentlemen, one of whom, at the moment of her appearance, was in the act of lighting his cigar. Observing the lady, he made a significant grimace, and with the characteristic world-politeness of a Frenchman, said: "Would smoking incommode you, madame?" The lady turned toward him, and with an air of quiet dignity, replied:

"I do not know, sir; no gentleman has ever yet smoked in my presence."

He put out his cigar.

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.

Sit at the window and look over the way to your neighbor's excellent mansion, which he has recently built and paid for, and sigh out, "O, that I was a rich man!" Get angry with your neighbor, and think you have not got a friend in the world. Shed a tear or two, take a walk in the burial ground, continually saying to yourself, "when shall I be buried here!" Sign a note for your friend, and never forget your kindness; and every hour in the day whisper to yourself, "I wonder if he will pay that note." Think everybody means to cheat you. Closely examine every bill you take, and doubt its being genuine, till you have put the owner to a great deal of trouble. Believe every shilling passed to you is but a sixpence crossed, and express your doubts by getting rid of it, if you should take it. Put confidence in nobody and believe every man you trade with to be a rogue. Never commiserate, if you possibly help it. Never visit the sick, or afflicted, and never give a farthing to the poor. Buy as cheap as you can, and screw down to the lowest mill. Grind the faces and the hearts of the unfortunate. Brood over your misfortune—your lack of talents, and believe at no distant day you will come to want. Let the workhouse be ever in your mind, with all the horrors of distress and poverty. Then you will be miserable to your heart's content, (if we may so speak) sick at heart and at variance with all the world. Nothing will cheer or encourage you; nothing will throw a gleam of sunshine or a ray of warmth into your heart. All will be as dark and cheerless as the grave.

A Hard Swearer.

A good tale is told of a tall, rawboned fellow, who went into a market house at Boston—perhaps the Quincy—and seeing a large hog on exhibition, was mightily struck with it. "I swear," said he, "that's a great hog. I swear I never saw a finer looking one in my life. I swear what short legs he's got. I swear—"

"Look here friend," said a little dry-looking individual trotting up, "you mustn't swear so."

"I swear I should like to know why," said the hard swearer, with an ominous look.

"Because," said the little man, "swearing is agin the law, and I shall have to commit you!" drawing himself up.

"Are you a justice of the peace?" inquired the swearer.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Well, I swear," said the profane one, "I am more astonished at that than I was about the hog."

Night Scene in a Young Lady's Bed-Chamber.

Last Tuesday night, which will be remembered as one of the warmest of the season, a young lady at the West End, was excessively frightened at a little circumstance which transpired about the hour of midnight. The young lady, whose beauty is only equalled by her modesty, and whose "eye-dark charm" has caused more than one waistcoat to palpitate, had retired to her chamber where, after laying aside the greater portion of her wearing apparel she committed herself to the tender embrace of Morpheus, whose soothing influences were aided by the cooling breath of Zephyr, who came in at the open window and fanned her cheeks with his feathery wings. In a word, she was snoozing finely—or, to use the language of a modern bard—

"Sleep on her velvet eyelids lightly pressed,
And dreamy sights upheaved her snowy breast,
While starbeams, thro' her window softly creeping,
Stole to her couch, and trembling there stood peeping."

It was, as we said, about midnight when the young lady was roused from her delicious slumber by hearing a noise at the window. Half unclosing her eyes, she was startled by the sight of a corpulent form, apparently struggling to gain admission to her chamber through the open window. It struck her at once that this intruder had been caught by the rear of his unmentionables, by a nail or some other sharp instrument, as he seemed to be struggling with a stern determination to enter. Her first thought was to turn her second to give the fellow a push—her third, to jump out of the window as soon as he jumped in—her fourth, to scream, which was immediately carried into effect. The whistle of the locomotive on the Iron Mountain road, when it gave its first snort on the 4th of July, was but a whisper to the screams of this young girl. The whole house and half the neighborhood were awakened by the outcry. The old folks, three female servants, and two big brother-rushed to the rescue and broomsticks flashed in the gas-light as the household entered the chamber of the frightened beauty. An examination of the figure in the window disclosed the fears of all, and changed the screams of the young lady into shouts of laughter. The imaginary "man" was only her own darling hooded skirt, which she had hung on a hook near the window, and which the wind had inflated and set in motion. There was no more sleeping in the house that night.—St. Louis Herald.

She Always Made Home Happy.

A plain marble stone, in church yard, bears this inscription: "She always made home happy."

This epitaph was penned by a bereaved husband, after six years of wedded life. He might have said of his departed wife, she was beautiful, and accomplished, and an ornament to society, and yet not have said she made home happy. He might have added she was a Christian, and not have been able to say, "She always made home happy." What a combination of virtues and graces this wife and mother must have possessed! How wisely she must have ordered

her house! In what patience she must have possessed her tongue!—How self-denying she must have been! How tender and loving! How thoughtful for the comfort of all about her! Her husband did not seek happiness in public places, because he found purer and sweeter enjoyment at home. Her children, when away, did not dread to return, for there was no place so dear to them as home. There was their mother, looking for them and praying for them, and longing for their coming. When tempted the thought of her. When in trouble, they remembered her kind voice and ready sympathy. When sick, they must go home, they could not die away from their dear mother. This wife and mother was not exempt from the cares common to her place. She toiled; she suffered disappointments and bereavements; she was afflicted in her own person, but yet she was submissive and cheerful. The Lord's will concerning her was her will, and so she passed away, leaving this sweet remembrance behind her, "She always made home happy."

N. Y. Evangelist.

"Porter's Spirit of the Times."

Office "Porter's Spirit of the Times," New York, August, 1856.

To the Editor of the Star.—On the strength of an editorial career of twenty years, as founder and editor of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times, I shall venture to issue, in the first week of September next, a weekly *Spirit* and *Library* Newspaper, to be called "Porter's Spirit of the Times." It will be of the same size and character as the old paper, and I am proud to be able to say, I already have assurance it will be contributed to by that brilliant circle of correspondents and writers who have so long given to the *Spirit* its distinguished position among the literary journals of the United States. If it is not asking too much from the civility of our profession, I would be greatly obliged to you for any aid you can give me in extending the notice of this fact throughout your region, and I hardly need add I shall be much pleased to have an opportunity to return the favor.

Very respectfully,
Your old servant,
W. F. PORTER, Proprietor.

Administrator's Notice.

Whereas letters of administration on the estate of Julia S. Driver, dec'd were granted to the undersigned at a special term of the Probate Court of Tunica Co., Miss., held on the 15th day of July 1856: Now all persons having claims against the estate of said decedent, are hereby required to present the same within the time limited by law, or the same will be barred.

WM. RICHARDSON HUNT, Adm'r.

July 30-n27-6w

NO MONOPOLY! Opposition & Competition THE LIFE OF TRADE.

I have started a line of splendid four horse omnibuses to run from the Hotels, to all the Railroad Depots, on which passengers can be conveyed with dispatch to any part of Memphis. I am also prepared to furnish Hacks, &c., to the country. My friends, and all in favor of fair play, will please not purchase tickets on the cars, as I have no chance to accommodate them if they do. The public may rest assured that I will do what I say. Be sure to get in the Omnibus marked "J. M. Fletcher," on the top. All I ask is fair play.

FLETCHER & KECK.

June 25-6m.

Great Bargains!

Being compelled to make room for a large

FALL STOCK

which we expect soon, we offer our remaining SUMMER GOODS, consisting of Laces, Jewels, Busts, Barettes, &c., at REDUCED PRICES.

Especially call the attention of the ladies to a fine and well selected assortment of Mantillas, Tahmas, and Mantilla scarves of the latest style, JUST RECEIVED, and which we offer at Philadelphia prices.

Give us a call and satisfy yourselves.—Our motto is, QUICK SALES, and small profits.

GREENBAUM & EARNEST.

July 16-n25-tf.

SEABROOK AND CARSON,

Agents for the sale of

VIRGINIA, KENTUCKY & MISSOURI

Manufactured & Smoking

TOBACCO,

MADISON STREET,

TWO DOORS FROM MAIN,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

SPIVEY AND CLARK,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS'
FINE CLOTHING,
Furnishing Goods,
SOLE LEATHER TRUNKS,
AND
Carpet Bags,

243 MAIN STREET,
UNION BLOCK, OPPOSITE
COURT SQUARE.

Our terms are cash, which enables us to sell at the lowest prices. We respectfully solicit a call from all in want of Clothing.
June 25-6f.

T. J. DAVIDSON, J. R. ELLIS, A. C. BLAIR,
DAVIDSON, ELLIS & BLAIR,
Cotton Factors,
GROUPE,
RECEIVING, FORWARDING AND
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

219 Main st., between Jefferson & Adams.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Rope, Bagging, and Plantation Supplies always on hand.

Aug. 27-n31-tf.

Wholesale and Retail
DRY GOODS
Boots, Shoes, Brooms, Clothing, Hats,
Carriage, &c.

CANDEL, MIX & CO.,

227 Main street, Memphis, Tennessee.

Keep constantly on hand a full assortment of every desirable style of the above named goods, and I solicit the attention of buyers.

Our stock will be full at all times, and we promise our customers the latest styles and best goods to be found in any market.
sep3-3m

OMNIBUS LINE.

P. M. Patterson, & Bro.

We respectfully inform the traveling public that we have running in connection with all the Rail Roads terminating at Memphis, a regular line of Omnibuses, for conveying passengers and baggage to and from the Depots, Hotels, and any other part of the city. Our Omnibuses will be found at the doors of the different Hotels in sufficient time for every train of cars starting from this point.

As the United States Mails are carried on this line, passengers will find it the most safe to patronize us, as the cars never leave until the Mails are delivered by us.

By strict attention and promptness to the travellers' wants, we hope to secure a share of the public patronage.

P. M. PATTERSON, & Bro.

June 25-6f.

New House, New Goods!!

LOONEY & CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Dry Goods,

NO. 285, MAIN STREET,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

We are now opening one of the largest and best assorted stock of Spring and Summer

DRY GOODS

ever offered in this market, and we are prepared to sell them at exceedingly low prices, as our stock was bought for CASH. We invite Country Merchants, Retailers, Pedlars, River Men and Dealers generally, to call and examine our stock, and satisfy themselves that they cannot do better in any house in the South or West.

June 25-6f.

THE PLACE FOR BARGAINS!

LEHMAN & CO.

Corner of Main and Jefferson Streets,

MEMPHIS.

Cash dealers in Dry Goods, Carpets,

Books, Shoes, &c. &c.

Wholesale and Retail.

We sell for Cash exclusively,

and can offer inducements to purchasers that cannot be met with elsewhere.

Call and examine, as we take great pleasure in showing our goods.

SMALL PROFITS, AND QUICK SALES.

July 2-n23-tf.

For Sale.

The undersigned, offers for sale a tract of Two Hundred acres of

GOOD LAND,

Known as the "George London Place," on Yockum River, in Yalobusha county, near the county line. There are about 140 acres of good

BOTTOM LAND,

and 115 or 120 acres of which is above

overflow. About 35 acres are cleared and twenty acres on which the timber has been denuded.

Terms:—One third down, and the balance in two equal installments, on one and two years credit.

For further particulars, address

JOHN D. LANKFORD,

Long Creek, P. O.

July 9-n24-3m.